

Waverly Hotel, Rochester;
Saturday March 15, 1851

My Dear Friends,

I think it was on Wednesday last that I scribbled my last to you. The two succeeding days have been busy eventful and triumphant ones. On Thursday the Convention assembled here & was tolerably well attended the majority however I believe influenced rather by curiosity than love for the Cause. I spoke in the afternoon to a Hall comfortably filled and was heard with the most gratifying attention. After I had concluded my speech a copy of the Advertiser [the evening paper here] was placed in my hands ~~for~~ It contained a scurrilous article, founded on a letter sent to the Advertiser by the Editor of the Springfield Republican.!!! This letter was intended to increase the excitement here and represented me as "a vile low bred

blackguard who has thoroughly disgusted the Citizens of Springfield who would not allow me again to pollute their town." &c &c This tirade from the kindred Editors brought me again to my feet and led me to give a full account of the Springfield affair. I converted the whole proceedings into an impromptu farce and acted all alone the several parts.

Scene 1. The Green on Sunday morning. The Effigies swinging in the breeze on the green.

Scene 2. Monday. Hampden Hotel. The interview with Fort, Stearns and Smith.

Scene 3. The parlour at night. The mob under the window. The Lord shall lay his hand upon the Wipers &c &c. Our Merriment &c.

Scene 4. Dwights Hall. Effect of my address.

Scene 5. The Free Church. The Senior Editor a Deacon. "let him alone" &c &c.

Scene 6. The evening mob. Triangle; Effigy; Tar Barrels; Bands; Broken windows; &c &c

Scene 7. Departure. Egg thrown &c &c &c

I was in a happy mood at the time I went through these scenes. They came vividly before me. I was able (as Phillips says to) "project myself" into the men I represented; and as a consequence, the audience were convulsed. I at once rose to the pinnacle of popularity - not only as an Orator but as an Actor. "He was a wonderful man." "How great he would have been upon the stage." "Did you ever see any thing so fine." "Do you really think he studied the part." &c &c. Don't ~~me~~ admire my modesty, as much as these poor Rochesterians admired my versatile talents, and deemed me a male Siddons, who was painted by Reynolds seated between the Muses of Tragedy and Comedy - wooed alike by each, and great in both. Oh, it was a treat to my auditors, and a rich treat to me, also; for what greater pleasure, than to feel at ease, & be able to take such sweet and innocent revenge upon ones adversaries!

In the Evening I was at a large party at the house
of a Mr. Porter here who is a wealthy Baptist - a
munificent supporter of a college in this City and
a bleasable abolitionist. (Ev, that was the night
before. On Thursday night I went to the house
of F. Douglass, where some fifty friends were
present, and we had a pleasant, evening irradi-
ated by the mild splendour of a certain India
(not Byrons) we had music from the presiding
spirit of the scene - stories from some - songs from
others - thanks from all.

Friday. It being advertised that I should speak
twice on this day the Hall was well attended in
the morning and I extemporized for more than an hour.
Afternoon. Coointhian Hall crowded to its very utmost
capacity. Every device adopted to find seats for
the people. All charged, as at every preceding meeting
6½ Cents for admision. This was the invention of the
Fosters. I spoke for two hours. Concluded by doing
justice to the Citizens of Rochester - and the curtain
dropped. Returned home - took two blue pills &
have written this and other letters under their
influence which is any thing but pleasant as
they are operating on my bile. More anon. Alton Lock
describes me, but I must read it. Evn, Miss. G.T.

Ms. A. 1.3.1.24